THIS IS NOT THE PINK ISSUE !

(We Had To Use Up This Paper Some Way.)

JOBS FOR ALL— SEE — PAGE 6

The Text

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Pink Pages Prohibited; Proud Planners Ponder Present Peculiar Predicament

Nodyl Nearly Nipped; Foil Foul Plot By Unemployed Graduates Of Tech

In a sudden outburst of pent up emotion, a spectacular attempt was made on the life of Pres. J. M. Nodyl by a group of fanatical alumni. Luckily the plan proved abortive, as quick thinking ROTC cadets came across the treachery. They are now guarding Pres. Nodyl on a twenty-four hour basis.

This disgruntled group of graduates placed a bomb in the office of Placement Director James Ding Dong with the knowledge that the president would take part in another of his ceremonies that afternoon. He was to present an award to the only graduate of the 1954 class to be selected for employment. The timing mechanism was set to explode the bomb at the moment when a flash bulb was snapped. They knew well the ceremonies procedure at LTI.

However, they did not reckon with the alertness of the cadets. They were in the quadrangle, working off demerits, when they spied a suspicious group of men slink in to Wiwick Hall. Immediately they notified their superiors. After the chain of command was traveled through, the whole corps came to the rescue of Nodyl and they apprehended the culprits.

These desperate men proved to be recent graduates of LTI. They had slowly fanned a smoldering distike for LTI into a raging inferno of hate. This was due to the fact that they had not been employed for more than two months since their release from the Institute. Though they only had themselves to blame, they rationalized their plight to such a state that they blamed LTI for not giving them an adequate background.

Upon hearing these views, the local psychiatrist immediately termed the demented souls as completely insane. "Anyone who could blame LTI or not giving them a good education must be nuts, "stated Dr. Sigmund Yarbrough. At the present time the conspirators are in the Lowell City Booby Hatch.

However, with 90 graduates expected this year, there is the fear that this occurance may repeat itself. For that reason constant vigilance will be observed in connection with the president's actions.

New Auditorium Promises To Be The Epitome In Style, Design

The latest addition to the ever growing physical facilities of the Lowell Technological Institute is that massive granite and steel administration building, auditorium, natatorium field house, student union, indoor cage, garbage disposal and distribution unit, known as Cumquat Hall. The building is named for that noted misanthrope, Patrick Moisha Georgi Cumquat, founder of the great L. T. I. tradition of sleeping through class. It was he, who in 1954, discovered that through the use of efficient mental blocks, aided and abbetted by meaningless lectures delivered in strict monotone, it was possible to sleep through each and every class, even those provoking, stimulating up-to-date, lectures on Skein Dunking 157-59.

The building, which was scheduled to be opened on the semi-centennial of the great discovery, will be dedicated on the centennial of the discovery due to delays in construction partly attributable to labor difficulties (A. Lincoln R-III abolished slavery). Another reason for the tardiness in completion has been the numerous revisions in plans. A president's box was proposed, but since a certain well known political figure met his untimely demise in such a location, the presidential box has been deleted from the blueprints.

(Continued On Page Six)

ARTISTS' CONCEPTION OF NEW AUDITORIUM.

SIGNS TELL THE WORLD WHAT LTI IS.

Signs Signify Status Of LTI Acreages

The students of LTI have long wondered whether the surrounding at their Alma Mater were really in keeping with the collegiate tradition. Debate has raged in the dormitory room as to whether there really was a campus here. Now all doubt has been removed, as signs clearly stating "College Campus" have been elected on the grounds.

At last the great day has come when Lowell Tech students can shout for joy. LTI has at long last been allotted the few signs that were needed to have people realize the immensity of its campus. The flags fluttering from the South and North wings announce the location of the female and male dormitories respectively. The student population of 60,000 students of both sexes is very active in the surrounding area, and is much admired and respected by all who pass through this, the Tech campus.

Tech's campus is too big to be without signs. It's dormitories needed signs to direct the multitudes that visited them daily. Still a great novelty is the luxurious, well ventilated system of tunnels that connect all sections of the school and which as yet have not received the proper recognition. These tunnels have been the cause of much embarrassment to LTI, because weekly some poor soul would lose himself in the labyrinth and would not reappear for a few days.

Signs were and are needed to replace the many Mystic River signs that have been mysteriously disappearing. Instead of replacing them with the originals, The Board of Signs, Commonwealth Mass., has erected the famous LTI Worcester 45 miles" sign.

But more signs are still needed for the miles and miles of parking space that surround the Institute, lest people forget where they placed their cars the night before. The path of progress continues as the Institute has placed signs all over indicating the immensity of the Lowell Technological Institute.

International Crisis Narrowly Avoided As ROTC Invades Dracut

The ROTC in full force this week marched out of the hallowed gates encircling our beautiful drill field, and in a seemingly peaceful manner proceeded down Riverside Street. This was at 11:04 Tuesday morning. In the minutes following there occurred a chain of events that have since shaken the entire world.

There prevail many varied opinions on exactly what happened, but the most accurate reports indicate the following: At 11:05 the leading flight of the blue devils from Lowell was approaching the usual turnoff, which is a cow pass about a half mile from Tech. Cadet Capt. Gung, Commandant and chief bandage carrier of the first flight turned around in an attempt to catch his flight playing scrabble. He did this about 36 seconds before the turnoff, and when he turned back; he very gracefully took one step, and fell into an open manhole. The flight hearing no command continued marching in the same direction.

At 11:07 as unconfirmed reports have it, a Dracut (the city of which Lowell is a suburb), policeman spotted a blue coated mob approaching the Dracut border. The policeman whose name has been withheld for obvious reasons, ran to a nearby tavern where he found the chief of police and three members of the Dra-

(Continued On Page Six)

Administration Assents; Students Suffer; Teachers Take Triumph

At a recent meeting of the administration and the Big Wheels on campus, it was decided by an almost unanimous vote to bar the Pink Issue indefinitely. The only dissenting vote was cast by an editor who had become accustomed to it two week vacation in April.

It was felt by the President of the various social, cultural, and exoteric groups on campus that there was really no need for a pink issue. Since LTI possesses so many more virtues than faults, the publishing of such an edition could only show Tech in a bad light. The administration concurred stating, "There are many railroads connecting with Lowell, which can take any student to the southern most externally known to man, and any student is free to go to that hot climate if he is dissatisfied."

This turn of events was indeed a blow to those who had spent long sleepless nights planning the edition. It has also disappointed those students who were looking forward to the pink issue, as they had placed bets on the outcome. Now these vicarious thrill seekers will have to go to the bull fights for their enjoyments.

The staff of the newspaper was quite disconsolate. However, an idealist among them stated, "It just isn't right for the writers to be blessed with an extra two weeks vacation while the other students are suffering indoors during such fine April weather. This year with the added vacation time, we shouldn't be greedy, there is enough time off for everyone. Why should we have more?"

Yet, one must wonder at his last words. How about next year when there is more time in school than out of it during April? What then?

Education plays a vital role in the life of any college student who knows that any college student must have the education to play a vital role in his life, even if these educational techniques are contradictory to the ASTM

J. K. INSTRON III

Machinery Show Shown As Hoax

What had looked like an ordinary Textile Machinery Show outwardly, was uncovered as being a hoax and fraud by two of this newspaper's top reporters. Here is their story:

"When first given this assignment, we immediately became curious about the allocation of funds, for transportation to and from the show. Sixty-nine thousand dollars was collected, and we sensed something was up. We discovered that the money went to hire 3,000 rickshaws from the Red China Rickshaw Company. They were in reality a fund raising organization for George.

It seems that the innocent men of LTI were duped by a left wing branch of the military escort which was to accompany the students, so as to protect the school's good name. They had planned to steal the machinery and send it to Russia so that it could be used in the making of red underwear.

The heads of LTI should be absolved of any blame, since these well trained, smooth talkers have been able to persuade the administration to see things their way previously.

However, before any damage could be done we reported the plot to Sen. McCarthy. He immediately sent in his strong arm men to break up the rickshaw company. The senator himself will come to LTI to destroy the left wingers. But before he arrived they might panic and fall apart. Joe told us that he'll see to it that the show is postponed to next year, where it will be held in the Capital under the direction of Messrs. Cohn and Schine

For Information About This Issue -- Don't Call Us-We'll Call You.

THE TEXT

LOWELL, XXXIII APRIL 1, 1954 NUMBER 9

Lowell Technological Institute

This is issue No. 9, Vol. XXXIII, of the TEXT, student newspaper of Lowell Technological Institute. The pink issue is published each April 1, in the spirit of fun and humor. The information and opinions expressed are in this spirit and should not be interpreted as the true position of the Editorial Board of the TEXT.

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An Ignorant Decision

In society an individual or a group must abide by the will of the majority, regardless of the personal discomfit administered to private plans. This fact is realized and understood completely by the members of this publication, but we must raise our voices loudly and vociferously against the recent action taken by the administration and the Big Wheels on this campus. We know that nothing can be done this year, therefore we are only concerned with the justice of the decision, and the preservation of rights for future generations.

Fundamentally the basic arguments that these student leaders have conjured up against us are based upon jealousy and envy. These misguided souls have twisted the events of last year to their own advantage. But we unequivocally refute the charge that the pink issue was deliberately designed with the intention of receiving extra vacation time, while the rest of the student body was in school. That indeed was the most distant thought in our minds.

It was also brought out in the debate that a pink issue could only show LTI in a bad light. That may be true, but only insofar as it applies to those unacquainted with the institute. No one, with complete knowledge of the setup at LTI, could possibly develop a dislike for it through the pink issue alone.

We need only look at the recent action taken by that fine, full blooded American Senator, Joe McCarthy to see how such a matter should be handled. He sued a fellow senator for slander, but Joe was forced to drop the suit before it came to trial. He stated, and rightly so, that he couldn't find anyone to believe the charges, therefore he couldn't prove any damages. This situation would undoubtely prevail at Tech. There would be no one who could even think that the articles were based on the remotest bits of truthful information. Surely every Tech student has the pride in his alma mater which makes for the greatness of an institution of higher learning. Why then must such a childish decree be made by those involved?

Again we reiterate that the vote of these individuals were based on prejudice and covetance. There can be no justification of their methods or means. We call upon the students of Tech to take all that pink paper that is discarded by ROTC students, and turn it in to this paper. Then, there will be sufficient paper for such an issue when the campus leaders come to their senses. We can only hope that that time is not too distant in the future.

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J. Omni Bus Unmasked; Proves To Be LTI Man

by I. M. Nil

A startling revelation was disclosed this weekend by Prof. Jolly Sonberrbrob, chairman of the faculty investigation committee. It was announced that the long search for that journalist rascal and terrorist J. Omni Bus had finally ended with the apprehension of the culprit.

Now being held in solitary confinement on a $35 for overzealousness and a 4:45 for the long trip to the state capital, the young rascal turned out to be that enterprising man who spent his days propagandizing for the Institute, and his nights thinking up devilish stories for the Moulin Rouge. The shocking part of the capture was that the villain was not a mere innocent babe-in-the woods student such as is typical of the LTI students but a mild-mannered intellectual member of the faculty, Dr. James McFat.

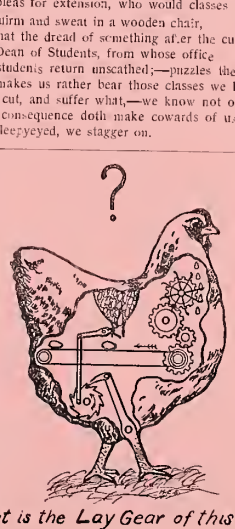
The facts became more revealing when it was announced that Dr. Mc Fat had gotten his B. S. degree from the eminent foreign school of Krazee Goebbels. Coming to this country in 1946, Fatty as he was affectionately called worked his way up selling pumpkins to well-known spy cells. His first bid to fame came when he was called upon to rewrite the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution to read "I refuse to answer." For all his fine journalist efforts, "J" was rewarded with a very low position at a decaying college in the Boston area called ITM. Omni took his reversal in stride and worked diligently to put out a slightly-to-the-left-of right-winglsh magazine called Hoodoo.

Fatty came to LTI in 1953, where he assumed the ill-fated name of J. Omni Bus and thereby brought his own downfall. Once the peaceful atmosphere of this college campus settled over him, Omni was his own worse enemy. He began to write sensible literature of high quality instilling a little imagination into the articles. Finally, he deviated from the party line so much, that his usefulness was gone, and his loyalty oath mysteriously disappeared. With such conclusive proof, the committee was able to apprehend the scoundrel as he was departing from Lowell with a suitcase full of worn "Redbooks" and "Pink Issues".

Thus ended the career of one of the greatest literary men of our time, who fell folly of the old adage: "Make sure the ink is dry, before you pass the bill."

Shakespeare On Cutting Classes

To cut or not to cut—that is the question;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The sling: and arrows of outrageous teaching,
Or by cutting end it?
To listen,—to sack,—
No more; And by sacking to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That our ears are heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To listen,—to sack;—
To sack! Perchance to dream: ay there's the rub;
For in that flow of words, what sleep may come,
When at the bell the professor doth begin;
Must give us pause: There's the respect
That male calamity of fifty minute length;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of classes,
The professors wrong,
The Goodman's contumely,
The dirth of unimportant facts, the labs so long,
The pleas for extension, who would classes bear,
To squirm and sweat in a wooden chair,
But that the dread of something after the cut,—
The Dean of Students, from whose office
Few students return unscathed;—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those classes we have,
Than cut, and suffer what,—we know not of?
Thus consequence doth make cowards of us all;
And sleepyeyed, we stagger on.



What is the Lay Gear of this Hen?

MIS-TAKES by EVETS RELDA

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I heard, 2 days ago, of the release of a report by Task Force L-2393½ entitled "Das Bandwagon."

The first recommendation of the report will be in effect next fall: all incoming Freshmen will take a 5-year course (as contrasted to the present set-up, which has less than half doing so). In the words of the report, ". . . . . we feel that (censored by Faculty Advisor in the public interest), and that any other policy would be extremely myopic."

The report also suggested that, with the exception of the Mechanical Engineering courses, there is clearly some room for improvement in the curriculum. Since the Task Force (working in conjunction with Barnes Technological Associates) could find no signs of repetition, excess length, or lack of utility in any of the present courses, it suggested that the more advanced courses (like Mechanism, Calculus, and Woolen Yarn Manufacturing) be placed in the fifth year; while the incoming Freshmen would take more basic courses like Mathematics (through long division, and use of the slide rule,) English Literature (Swift, Carrol, Cooper, Spillane etc.)

Another finding of the Task Force requires careful consideration. The changing of the name of the Institute from Lowell Textile to Lowell Technological was done to pay justice to the chemists, paper men, and other candidates for diplomas. What was ignored at that time was the fact that all of our students do not come from Lowell; accordingly, the report recommended that the name of the Institute be changed to the New-England University of Technical Subjects (or NUTS.) This change would be in line with the policy of doing more justice to more students.

A Fairy Tale . . .

Hello kiddies, you dear little devils you, Here is a nice story especially for you. It is all about the beautiful Prince, who took a p-stu-do-nym of Jeremy (that means he changed his name, you iggerant kiddies), who loved the Princess Daphne with all his heart, soul and kidneys. Duke Jak is also featured, but is unfortunately placed as the plane took off before he was aboard. Jeremy, the little yellow prince, stood before the castle of the big ugly Duke Jak; he was yellow because the hamlet of Oglestein had new street lights. The drawbridge was up so Jeremy jumped nimbly over the moat and jaunthly seized the door knocker. Knocking down the door, he entered.

Duke Jak made a sharp turn. "D--n," he said as he cut himself. "What is your pitiful predicament?" quoth Jeremy, "I would right it, and win the hand of the exotic Princess Daphne, your daughter." "Do you want her body as well?" replied the Duke. "If you do you must do a task for me first."

"I cannot sleep at nights because I have horrible and bloody dreams about the Sleezil bird. I often awaken cold with fright and damp with sweated blood, "went on Jak the Duke." I need a sleeping potion, and for this potion I have the recipe, I saw it on Television so it should be good. I cannot get the ingredients so you must get them for me and you can thus win the Princess." "Cannot I kill the Sleezil bird?" quoth Jeremy boldly. "No" replied the Duke. "The Sleezil bird is very ferocious, it preys on the hamelt of Oglestein, it has a sharp scrix with which it tears out the geek and block of the victim; as it is immortal you cannot slay it, so it is useless to try. Our only remedy is to increase the birth rate so that the victims are rapidly replaced and the delicate economic position of Oglestein is not placed in jeopardy. If we lose too many people our Glom industry will suffer, and the world's stock of similar glups would be reduced to a dangerous level." "The Duke went on and on but as he was off the plot we will cut that and return to our hero.

Our brave Jeremy was to get three ingredients for the potion of Duke Jak; first a nail from the head of a hammer, second, the toe from the foot of a hill, and lastly a tear from the eye of a needle. If he succeeds then he can woo and wed the princess and live as usual ever after. (Little does the poor prince know that this is a true-to-life story and has got a happy ending.)

Jeremy set out girt up with his armor and a vugg to ward off the evil kadlgius, a species of—but stay, we lose the plot. He met Daphne as he left the castle; with a dimpled but significant and promiscous leer she wished him well, she could do no less as she was under a spell.

The hammer that Jeremy sought was in the keeping of a vile and smelly zooner called "Swunky", the hammer had been used for beating in the skull of a superglobbersloptious caveman and a few bloody hairs still clung to its red and rusting head.

On his route through the dark and gloomy inevitable forest, who should our brave and gallant hero meet but a kind and friendly glook. The glook said "Hi" and passed on. At this Jeremy swore with unusual violence, despite the fact that he is on the side of the goodies. Without the help of a k. of f. glook he knew that he could never succeed in his task, so he abandoned it entirely and went to the casino to play roulette.

In case you want to know what happened to Duke Jak and the Princess Daphne, kiddies, then I suggest you get next year's Pink Issue and I may have thought of something by then.

—LUPUS TRISTIS

Cushing Chooses Cash, Leaves Lowell; Applicants Attempt Able Athletic Aid

Due to the sudden decision of Prof. Lester H. Cushing to retire as Athletic Director the Athletic Association of the Lowell Technological Institute is in a state of chaos. At the present time confusion reigns supreme and as yet a successor has not been named. Authoratative sources report however, that many applications have been received for the position.

It is only natural that so many should desire this post due to the high position that Tech occupies in the athletic strata. Tech, as all sports fans know has been the leader in intercollegiate competition for the past two decades and never once has relinquished its throne. Tech has been picked by the experts as the outstanding college as far as participation and achievement in the history of organized sport.

The applications received have been from men very prominent in the sports world who wish to remain on top by being associated with such a great name as Tech. Applications have been received from Happy Chandler, Bill Veeck, Fred Saigh, Nat Holman and N. G. Reade. Chandler will give up his gubernatorial quest in the state of Kentucky to accept the position. He feels that he will be able to aid Tech and will be at home in the Cotton Department. Bill Veeck has expressed a desire for the job and has even condescended to wear a tie. One thing of course is taken for granted, and that is if Veeck is appointed he will come with orchids, midgets, fireworks and all. He says his midgets will be eligible because they can meet the entrance requirements.

There is much speculation as to who will receive this position as all the aspirants are well qualified, and are proponents of Cushings tactics which have brought great success to Tech. The committee has given no indication as to who has the inside track. When asked, one of the committee members candidly replied "No comment." It is felt by most of the experts that with so many able men vying for the position, the committee will be deadlocked and a compromise candidate will be appointed. If this occurs the general feeling is that the position will be offered to a relatively unknown in the sports world but that he will be able to carry on the great Tech tradition. The committee must be wise in its choice as the ever powerful Alumni are already demanding fact action and will not stand for any poor substitute.

The entire sportsminded public is awaiting the decision of the committee and is eager to see if Tech can continue its winning ways even though they have sustained so great a loss.

PICTURE OF NEW FIELD HOUSE

New Field House To Replace Old One

It is known throughout the entire country that Lowell Tech is the foremost school of its kind in the world. Athletically speaking it is the tops in the country and justly so. LTI is constantly expanding its educational and living facilities. Now it is continuing its expansion by replacing its old outmoded field house with an entirely new and modern edifice. The old Memorial house built in 1930 when Tech first attained the heights in athletic achievement has served its purpose, but like all old soldiers it must fade away.

The old house with its seating capacity of a mere 7,000 and its antiquated structure is now being torn down. On the spot a new building will be constructed. The historic old house, where many a drama has been unfolded has not grown along with Tech. Its facilities are greatly limited, as only basketball is provided for. The other teams such as the track and swimming teams must use the facilities of the local Y.

This new structure will hold 15,000 people and will ably accommodate the vast crowds that surge to all the Tech athletic functions. A new basketball court will be built, along with an indoor track for the track team. In addition to this, a 150 foot swimming pool will be laid, and will be the scene of many intercollegiate meets. An indoor dirt field is also to be constructed so that the football, lacrosse, and baseball teams may hold practice sessions throughout the year. This idea of having an indoor dirt athletic field was copied from the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. The building will be quite a massive and impressive structure and will lead greatly to the beauty of the campus.

Tech, as we all know, is the epitome of success in the athletic world. It is the hope of many a high school athlete that he will someday be able to attend LTI, and further the great tradition that has been established here. This new field house will provide the athletes with the most modern facilities available, and will enable them to be in perfect shape for their respective seasons.

It is felt by most observers that this will further strengthen the great Tech athletic machine. The cry heard throughout the entire country is beat Tech, and so far no one has been able to do so. By providing our teams with more practice time and the opportunity to condition themselves for the rigors of the campaigns, it is doubtful if Tech will be dethroned in the near or distant future.

The building will have a completely modern interior but the exterior will be of classic medieval design and will fit in perfectly with the decor of the Tech campus. Funds have been appropriated by the Athletic Association. Construction will start in June of 1954 and it is expected that the building will be ready by 1984 when Big Brother will be watching you.

Tech's athletic program received a stunning setback with the announcement that Prof. Cushing is resigning at the end of the semester. Prof. Cushing has been the Director of Athletics at Tech for the past twenty-eight years and has come to be known as one of the truly great men in the world of sport. The announcement came as Tech ended one of its most successful basketball seasons, going undefeated in 42 contests and averaging 102.4 points per game.

Though Prof. Cushing has made many friends here at Tech and has his roots so deeply imbedded in the shores of the Merrimac, he announced that he would resign in order to accept an offer that would bring greater financial return. The professor has been offered the position of Director of Athletics at a little known school in the mid-west, the University of Notre Dame. In addition to his duties as Athletic Director he will also become Chairman of the Department of Social Sciences. This position will add to his stature as a man of sport and as an educator.

Tech under the reign of Cushing has reached the athletic heights. The Professor instituted a scouting program that has brought many a fine ballplayer to Tech. Once the scouts had their sights on a man Cushing won him over with his magnanimous personality and of course many lucrative offers.

The professor has made many contributions toward the betterment of intercollegiate athletics and his ideas have carried into the world of professional sport. One of the first things that Cushing instituted at Tech that has been copied the World over was to provide players with gum and oranges during half time of football and basketball games and in between innings of baseball games. The professor's shrewd mind hit upon the idea that the oranges would provide the players the players with new found energy. In this way the Tech teams always put on a great finishing spurt and dazzled the opposition with footwork. The gum on the other hand relaxed the boys and in tight situations they were always calm, cool, and collected while their opponents were pressing.

Prof. Cushing also instituted new methods of uniform care and maintenance. After the season he had all uniforms stored in special chambers of 70 degrees F and 65% relative humidity. Constant care and laundering prevented the body salts and acids from attacking the fibers. In this way the professor saved the Athletic Association money as the life expectancy of the uniforms increased. The professor also applied his knowledge of psychology in relation to his job. By providing the players with the best possible equipment and with the most attractive uniforms in the country he felt that they would have a greater desire to win as they were given the best and would naturally desire to produce their best.

Tech hates to see the Professor leave but it is sure that wherever he goes he will instill a deep desire in his teams to win and a will produce an athletic machine that will be ever powerful. Notre Dame is indeed fortunate to have a man like Prof. Cushing leading them in their athletic endeavors.

Prof. Cushing expressed deep regret at the prospect of leaving Tech but stated that this new position in addition to offering great monetary return, will be a challenge to him. His intimates have expressed deep regret that Cushing will not be at the athletic helm next year. They further insist that he is not leaving Tech for financial reasons but in reality the job at Notre Dame offers an opportunity that his sporting blood will simply not allow him to refuse. The Professor has built a great athletic machine at Tech and it is felt that he will lift Notre Dame from the athletic doldrums to the heights and prominence to which he has brought Tech.

Education is important only in so far as the students learn the correct means and methods for determining the strength of an unknown either by percent or by weight.

JAMES NAPOLEON

Torts Of The Spimes . . .

by Det Namffoh

The startling events that have taken place at Tech in the past week touched off a great wave comment throughout the entire country. The newspaper columnists and newsservices have been analyzing the situation and making their predictions as to who will succeed Prof. Cushing as the Director of Athletics. There is much wild speculation about, and it is felt that a big name will be chosen to continue the great Tech tradition. I fell, however, that these professionals will not be selected, but rather a relatively unknown will be picked to lead the marauding Tech athletic machine. Through the years a dynasty has been built at Tech, and I feel that a person closely associated with the Institute should be namer.

It is only natural that the Athletic Committee would want a man who has full knowledge of the athletic situation here at Tech, and one who is a student of Cushings methods. Whoever the Athletic Committee chooses, it goes without saying that he will have to be a man of great foresight, one will always be one jump ahead of the opposition in arranging schedules and acquiring ballplayers. The job at Tech is a big one, and it takes a man of rare executive ability to do perform it adequately. Although many will say that the man that is chosen is fortunate because he is starting at the top, I feel that he is not to be envied since he has a great tradition to live up to. My prediction is that a member of the Tech faculty will be appointed, and like WW I will go out on a limb and say that his initials are PAH.

FIELD HOUSE

Many at Tech are sorry to see the old field house that has served us faithfully for the past 24 years being torn down. The old field house brings back many fond memories to the faculty and alumni, and they are truly regretful at losing the birthplace of Tech's fame and fortune. However the old must be replaced by the new, and the old house has outlived its usefulness. It is sorely outmoded and the new building will definitely aid the athletic program. By affording more space and more diversified facilities the great Tech machine will become more invincible. It must be realized that athletics are an integral part of campus life and play a major part in the events of all men at Tech. We are justly proud of our record, we are the best around, and we should naturally have the best equipment and practice areas possible. Though many are mourning the loss of Memorial House, and the legends that have been born there, I feel that the new house will give greater impetus to our program, and that many new legends will be created.

The students at LTI are anticipating many more stirring contests at Tech and there is no doubt in my mind that the new house will be the scene of many sporting events that will go down in the annals of "The most Unforgetable Day in Sport."

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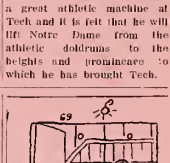

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ALL-WEEKEND Weekend To Top Past Successes

You've heard of the ALL-TECH weekend, the ALL-ROTC weekend, and the ALL-Fraternity Weekend. Now the socially minded students of Tech are planning an ALL-WEEKEND weekend. The ALL-WEEKEND weekend will combine all the features and surprises of the other weekends, to which the students have long become immune and acclimated.

There will be the usual grotesque affair at the Cracked China Red Barn in Oblivion, Mass. A thirty-seven piece band will provide the entertainment as the couples try to piece it back together to form a drum a sax, a piano, and a bass, as well as the four sordid characters who blow it. To the lucky duo will go the honor of choosing the ALL-WEEKEND Weekend Queen. It is felt that in that manner a lesser chance for error is presented; as there will undoubtedly one judge with near-sight, and another with far-sight, thus compensating for each other, and producing a queen who can at least take a picture without breaking the camera.

After a gala evening of standing for three hours listening to undanceable music, the merry makers will make the long trek to the Fraternity houses, in a semi stupered condition. There they will gather with the same congenial people, each trying to impress the other by doing the same thing. Girls imported from the best schools (Tahachopee, Danamora, and State Correction House for Women) will be housed in the attics and basements of the houses, with many trips being made following results have been to fix fuses and leaky roofs. Bermuda shorts will be the official uniform with tight sweaters and tighter escorts recommended.

The usual bunny hop will be performed in attempt to see which celebrant more closely resembles a jackass than a rabbit. A revival meeting is planned to revive anyone who might be enjoying himself to the situation at hand.

Then as the evening wears on the boys will become worn out, and the girls worn through. There will be usual member of freshman and sophomores passing out in conspicuous places to impress upperclassmen. Along with these poor tortured souls, there'll be the usual number of upperclassmen conspicuously trying to impress the women.

With the girls beating a hasty retreat to their quarters and the boys beating the weekend will come to a close, its hangovers will be in style for the coming week. So remember the ALL-WEEKEND weekend, an event that you wouldn't have wanted to miss except after it's over.

LTI Again Wins National Honors

Still another national honor was bestowed on LTI last week when Sam L. Bureaucrat, chief entangler of the U. S. government presented the Institute with the National Award For Promoting Confusion, Duplication, and Wasting Time in recognition of the registration process at Tech. Bureaucrat was so elated that he announced he would inflate the complete system wherever things were running smoothly in governmental operations.

He was particularly enthusiastic about the taking of a whole day to complete a procedure which could be finished in 40 minutes. Another feature which impressed him was the attempt to register with out the complete information necessary. He feels that that leads to duplication, and the unnecessary using of time, which would fit in perfectly with his governmental operations. Also the choosing of a time which will greatly inconvenience those involved has its special advantage to his department. "Content workers are more efficient than unsatisfied workers", Bureaucrat stated.

A process which will take effect immediately will be the "chain of command" procedure. That consists of seeking the approval from each of the high command, each of whom will give his support only if the rest are in favor. The net result is that 15 "help me" sheets are needed to find out:

A) That all are in favor
B) That none are in favor
C) That they just don't give a darn

If case A occurs, then Rule 1, Article 3, Section 2, Part 6 is applied. No one knows what that rule is, but it is powerful enough to knock out any approved request.

In case B the right of appeal is presented. This means that one may seek a reversal of the decision. In this situation, all those contacted will be in favor, but will be powerless to overrule unless their subordinates approve. Again each subordinate will lend approval only if the others do. (See case A)

As for case C, that is the most common, however it always ends up as case A or B, for each of the command fears the rest will find out his real opinion.

Bureaucrat is working diligently to more completely the the government in red tape and it is felt that these inovations from LTI will aid him immensely.

Separator Sifts Seemingly Scientific Smatterings; Tells Truth To Techmen

At a recent meeting of the ASTM D-13 (demented 13, it was announced by the honorary chairman Herbert J. Circle, that a new machine had been invented at L. T. I. This machine was developed by one of L. T. I.'s most illustrious students, one Freud I. Prank. The machine was devised for the sole purpose of trying to separate bull—from the facts during lectures at the institution. has been uncovered. The mixture of bull—and facts enters the machine and passes thru a separator The bull—is packaged by the machine, and is ejected through a door at the bottom. The facts are transcribed on a continuous sheet of paper and are classified.

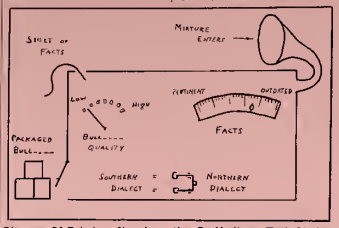

Diagram Of Fabulous New Invention By Mediocre Tech Student

At the present time, field tests are being run in some of the courses at L. T. I. The obtained:

Detesting 312—95% Bull—5% Facts.

Building Motions 302—100% Facts— Classification: Little Known, never used and unimportant.

Air Science 202—50% Bull—50% Propaganda.

Skein Dunking 411—100% facts Classification: Outdated

Cotton Picking 202—100% merely, however, to be sure

Worst Yarns 326—Machine refuses to operate.

Mr. Prank was last seen jumping off the M. I. T. library roof shouting "Give Me Recognition or Give me Death."

Bar In "Caf" To Aid Eating

The Institute cafeteria under the direction of genial Joe Borgia and his wife Lucrezia, has initiated a new feature in its constant quest to cater to the delights of Techmen. A bar will be installed in the position previously designated for the deposit of dirty dishes and trays. It was felt that this space will be ideal since it was hardly used in the past, as the management apparently feels that the leaving of dirty dishes on the table adds to the color and enjoyment of the dinner.

In addition, this location will easily be accessible when eating. If any student feels that the food is too unbearable for him at any particular time, he need only rush to the bar for assistance. Helpful attendants will gladly suggest the proper drink to make the food appreciated. For example, there is the famous "Caf Elixer" (or sometimes called coffee), which will completely dissolve any solid edible material. In that manner all foods may be taken liquidly without any taste or repercussions. This delicious drink may also be used as a deterrent, adding to the cleanliness of the area.

Of course if a student merely wishes to become blotto, that will easily be arranged by an expert staff from George's and the Pawtucketville Social Club. After this is accomplished, the food may be taken straight, as it will not be displeasing then.

As an added advantage, the bar will present the opportunity for 3P. M. bar brawls, to supplement the 10 A. M. coffee breaks. From this practice faculty-student relations will undoubtedly be improved as they find themselves flat on the floor together. There is every indication that this new proposal will prove to be as popular as Borgia's work in the past.

NOB Formed; Promises To Grow In Size

A recent news flash has revealed that the four fraternities at LTI have merged into a body, adopting the name of "The Noble Order of Boys." The formation of NOB came very swiftly and unexpectedly to most people at LTI, but the campus leaders of the movement, whose names are being withheld as a safety precaution from outside pressures, assured this reporter that they had been toying with the NOB idea for some time.

The new campus organization is connected with the national Noble Order of Boys, parent organization to the Friday Afternoon Drinking Society. Close ties are to be kept with national NOB and final acceptance to the club is conditional only upon the final approval of LTI as a recognized university.

The four fraternities have abandoned their houses and have pooled their resources to purchase Smith Hall as a residence. By this move the boys hope to be able to become closer together in order to form a closely knit group to carry on the traditional battle against the "forces to be."

As another motivating factor in the NOB formation, all members expressed a valiant, yet wary desire for the raising of unauthorized and uninterrupted Hell. In conjunction with the FADS, Friday afternoon meetings will be held at upper Moody Street, affectionately renamed Technological Avenue. The boys also felt that the convenience of being able to live across the street from the school would eliminate the bother, and expense of having to travel back and forth between the fraternity houses and the campus.

The administrative set-up of the NOB organization is a rather unusual one, but has the advantage of being definitely functional in nature. The leader of the organization will be known as the Grand Marshall of the Boys, and he will assume those duties normally assigned to a fraternity president. The Grand Marshall of the Boys will appoint a Penman and a Handler of the Cash for the other duties that must be performed. Most colorful of the officers will be the Dunce who will conduct parties and fulfill the expectations of his title. He will also conduct the "dirty hour" at all parties, if and when they get to that stage. The fraternity Glutton will be responsible for seeing that all members make pigs of themselves and will also be responsible for training a Glutton for the succeeding year. Both the Glutton and the Dunce will be chosen in open competition from all desirous members.

Classified Advertisements

Desire position with Sen. McCarthy Investigators.
QUALIFICATIONS: No knowledge Psychology. Less of Law.
EXPERIENCE: Inquisition 1942, Bastille 1795, Salem 1640, Mass. Trade School 1953.
CONTACT—I. M. JOBLESS, Hotel Lowell, Lowell, Mass.

Position of instructor in children's nursery wanted.
QUALIFICATIONS — Little knowledge of subject, but can speak authoritatively.
EXPERIENCE—Jr. Asst. Birdman, 1951-3
CONTACT — S. CANYONOL God's Little Acre, South Pacific

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WANTED—Man with many unimportant, never used little-known facts for use in new book, UNCLE JOHNATHAN, Linters Dept. LTI.

WANTED—Position as editor of subversive campus newspaper. Am. desperate, need work, will take anything (look at what I took in the past) MERVIN E. DISCJOCKEY, The Apartment, Lowell

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G. N. R.

FACULTY PAGE

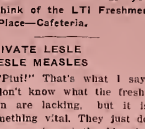
In the firm belief that every dog deserves his day, we dedicate this page to our faculty.

INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

QUESTION: What do you think of the LTI Freshmen Place—Cafeteria.

PRIVATE LESLE WESLE MEASLES

"Ptuif!" That's what I say. I don't know what the freshmen are lacking, but it is something vital. They just do not seem to get the big picture. Maybe the global concepts of my course are too difficult for them to grasp.



This reminds me of the time my wifes dog's brother's mistress' husband came to chow one night. Spent half the evening trying to expectorate through a hole in the floor. Expectorate, oh, how disgusting. It just is not done these days,—on the better spreads, that is.

Speaking of spreads, I think I'll spread a table for myself. Excuse me a minute, I left my lunch box under the pile of manure in my limousine. I had better fetch my hat 'cause it's getting powerful cold out these days. That is why I don't wear my blue golf cap anymore; now I wear a coonskin cap. It is really very warm. One day last winter, though a hunter saw the cap and took a pot shot at me and plunk near took the stubble off'n my face. It was quite a close shave.

PROFESSOR J. G. COMMA

As far as standards go, I believe that the prospective pupils should have an extensive knowledge of the more salient points concerning the methods of punctuation in the English language. If he does not possess this knowledge, he cawn't, no he cawn't possibly

PROFESSOR J. G. COMMA

pawss this course. Boy, are you taking all this down? You are not? Why, boy, get your notes right open. This is important boy— star that last noun clause—star it and put four circles around it, underline it and darken it. Incidentally, boy, before you hand this article in for editing, I would be overjoyed at the chance of looking it over for you in search of errors in grammar. Actually, as I always maintain, I know very little of the subject, but I will try my best.

What's that you ask? Yes, you can listen in on one of my lectures tomorrow. Let's see, tomorrow I'll lecture on—oh, tomorrow is Tuesday—well, let me see— om, I remember now—I think I will lecture on grammar for a change.

You see, the best way that an engineer can succeed is to give good written and oral reports. In order to write, one needs correct punctuation—yes, that's what I said—content does not matter in the least, we're not looking for the facts, ma'am, just the punctuation. In speaking, however, enunciation is of prime import. Of course in this medium most people are not as fortunate as I in having a little red tongue that can dart around like mine and then rest in the side of my cheek.

Well, I must be off now, it is getting late and I have just received some well punctuated threatening letters.

PROFESSOR CLEMENT G. PICKUH

Well, to be sure, there should be several prerequisites. In order to do well in this school, normally, a boy merely must be handy with cotton machinery. The only way you can really tell if the boy has an aptitude for understanding

PROF. CLEMENT G. PICKUH

the modern cotton machinery we have, is merely to look at his hands. Normally, if the boy has cotton pickin' hands, he's acceptable. Also, we should take in more southern boys because they don't give up—on a problem. When they start something, to be sure, they finish it. If they lose the first round, they kind of make it a two out of three affair. Even if they are defeated once, they rise again. Hear me brothers—,the South will rise again!

Oh, I seem to have been carried away with myself fo' a moment. But getting back to the topic (otherwise the title of the article would be a misnomer) the boy has got to be interested in cotton, because cotton does mo' fo' yo'. You see, I know, because I was an orderly in the army. In fact I still like to put on my old army greys once in a while, like at the military ball or in the cotton lab. Well, I've got to go now. It's the middle of "be kind to animals" week and I'm giving a short mid-semester quiz today.

Attention ! ! ! All Faculty Members

TEACHERS — Brighten your course with our famous, patented catch words, guaranteed to enliven your lecture. All the better teachers are using them. You may choose from the following selection:

To be sure
Is it not
Alrighty
You cahw'n't poss'bly
See, see
Fellows
Fuhthuhr
I will indicate . . .
You too can be popular. Custom expressions tailored at slight extra cost. Box 896 LTI Post Office.

Call For Senator Joe's Talents

As a result of last week's Congressional investigation at the Institute certain subversive activities operated by faculty members was unveiled. The LTI branch of the communist party was found to be a secret order of the infamous "C" group. The identification of these members was through the investigation of the bulletin. Contained therein, 7 instructors, professors, or what have you were listed with middle initials of "C", the distinguishing characteristic of this subversive group.

The congressional investigators, now known as the Party Busters, found in the Weave Room not only deep shades of pink fabrics being woven, but also many off-color hues of red. Inadvertently the Research Foundation came under the close scrutiny of the Party Busters when the Air Force parachutes were all dyed red.

"This influx of communist thought in the nations highest educational plant must be eliminated at once," said chief Party Buster Senator Joseph McGooch.

In a quick retort, the main autagonist of the investigation, Assistant Associate Assistant Louis "C" Cube stated, "A counter-investigation set up by the "C" group is now probing into the origin of Sen. McGooch's surname."

The committee discovered the meeting place of the subversives as being the mail room. Evidence of the existence of an infinite number of communist cells in the mail room has been reported to Congress.

The Congressional Investigating Committee has recommended to Congress that the results of the recent loyalty oaths signed by the LTI faculty be discounted. The possibility of cribbing by faculty members during the oath signing is the primary reason for this recommendation.

Coop Cops Top Department Stores

In a brilliant maneuver, Milton J. Goneff, manager of the Tech Swap Shop, negotiated an agreement between himself and some of the largest department stores in the country. After a heated all-night session at the conference table Goneff applied the basic theories of Eco. 201 and assumed controlling shares in Macy's of New York, Jordan Marsh of Boston, Gimbels of Philadelphia, Marshal Field of Chicago and the Sears-Roebuck Co.

Now the Lowell Trading Post has the market cornered on teddy bears, tee shirts, jackets, and any fearable material upon which the name LTI can be emblazoned. To further secure their position among the students at Tech, the management has purchased Barnes and Noble. Now students won't have to search for their books to see which of the many companies selling them will quote the lowest price. The book store will conveniently have all books necessary for all courses. Of course there will be a slight extra charge for this convenience.

After a difficult day's work the great tycoon made the following statement for the press: "After 58 years of oper-

(Continued On Page Six)

Literary Review Section

ANOTHER TRIUMPH

Prof. Michael J. Crutchings, Assistant Professor of Burr Picking, has recently published a new best seller which is believed to be his greatest achievement since the "bible." This book entitled "Boatbuilders Guide" or "How to make enemies and influence your teacher," is currently selling for $7.00 and contains an accumulation of over 1 million unassimilated, insignificant bits of data which every instructor should know in making up exams. In this book he continues in that unique style which distinguishes him from any literary, great. This edition does not contain any of the many diagrams and sketches that Crutchings is so popular for, and so it is now possible to gain some understanding of the material.

Perhaps the following background on Crutchings may help to illustrate why he is at the institute. In 1935, after being discharged from the school he entered industry and embarked upon a career of saving mills. In 1942 he was drafted and subsequently forced to become a member of the US Army being released one year later on a Section 88. Crutchings then went back to his former position as Fell-da-Goods Woolen Co. and remained there until he was impaired with an acute case of Anthrax (wool sorters disease), but rather in his aspect, his boys malady. He then was offered a position at the institution as chief in charge of separating ribs from tags. He is an expert in this field and has spent most of his life working around them.

PHYSICS MASTERPIECE

A new literary masterpiece has hit the shelves of the coop, titled, "How to Study Physics" or an Introduction to Psycho-Analysis." This book by the famed author and lecturer Dr. Sigmund Newton is believed to surpass his previous exposition on the Evolution of the Ape. In this book Dr. Newton astounded the scientific world by formulating sophistic hypotheses which completely ignore the laws of physics.

The main idea brought to light through the reading of the book is that physics is a subject that should be taught through lectures by a philosopher, and supplemented with complete home study. He feels that laboratory work does a great deal to further emphasize the subject matter gone over in the classroom. Dr. Newton believes that all an instructor should do in the line of actual teaching is to compile an organized set of home work assignments which he feels should be given faithfully.

One of the most profound statements of our era was found in this work "The prime requisite for a good student is that he must wear glasses," states Newton. In order to achieve the epitome of perfection, Dr. Newton's disciples can oft be seen around school wearing their Brighton Beach Sunglasses, and that new innovation of the motion picture industry Three D Glasses.

Ah, education, ah, is, ah, the, ah, best, ah, ah, ah, ah way that, ah I know of, ah, to get, ah the, ah people, ah educated. Ah, let me put that, ah, on, ah, the blackboard.—

SCHIMA THE GREAT

A THOUSANO AND ONE WORDS

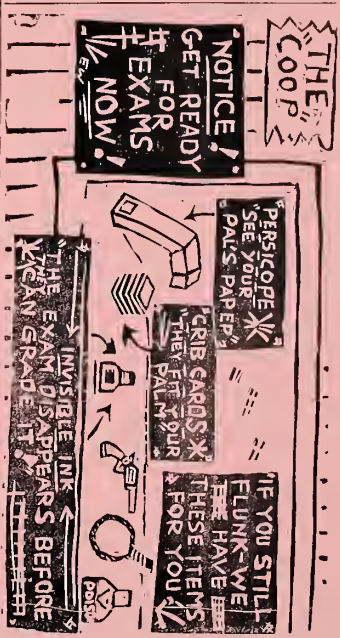
"A Thousand and One Words" by B. S. Eel has recently been released by the B. S. and M. S. Publishing Company. The new book although rather voluminous and verbose, depicts life in the rough among an educated, though impractical, group of people who have been referred to as the university degenerates of modern American education.

When asked for a statement, Mr. Eel related, "University men will be university men. Such actions of these men are not to be used to judge them although they should be used to judge them, and sometimes to convict and to praise them. I don't see why there shouldn't be colleges for the collegians, yet colleges should not cater to that class known as collegiate degenerates. Phones are a necessity to college life, but they should be kept clear at all times for emergency calls. We here in America must realize that four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth . . . . I do not know what course others will take, but as for be, give me Liberty, or give me death! Words cannot express . . ." Mr. Eel continued to expound on the merits of the new volume, as well as the world as a generalization, but because of space limitations, the entire soliloquy is not reprinted.

Mr. Eel is presently an instructor and resident phone duty proctor at the Lowell Technological Institute. He has plans for bigger and better books in the very near future. The topics are, as yet, unchosen.

Recently, our photographer had the privilege of catching Mr. Eel in his normal surrounding of college men, delivering his theory of "to throw him out, or not to throw him out." Please note the looks of amazement, amusement, and widespread surprise on the faces of his attentive subjects. Our photographer recently looked at this picture and queried, "Is Mr. Eel really asleep, or is it just that he can't stand the pain." Judging from the picture, this is hard to answer, but the empty chair was obviously meant for some distinguished guest who has not yet shown his face upon the scene.

Author Imparts More Than 1001 Words To Helpless Audience



Brother, Can You Spare A Job - A Play In One Act

Scene: BOOTH B. Interviewer is seated studying qualification record of next student. Enter Jack B.Quick student. Interviewer introduces himself as Frank Stevens, the third.

Stevens: Come in Mr . Quick, my name is Frank Stevens the third—you may call me "third".

Quick: (Pumping Stevens' hand vigorously as he tries to apply a Gorgeous George grip). How do you do Mr. "Third". Nice day isn't it? Do you think winter is over? You must have a full schedule, eh? (Forced laugh at this point.) It must be quite a job interviewing college seniors, eh? (Another forced laugh). Do you think it will rain —

Third: I really don't know much less care.

Quick: Well, (forcing laugh) it really wasn't important. Gee, I'm glad to be here taking an interview with as fine a company as yours. (appearing nonchalant).

Third: Well Jack, let's get on with the interview. Only have 15 minutes you know, isn't it (laughs)

Jack: Sure is! (bursts into return laughter—falls off chair)

Third: Jack, as you know, I represent the Mudville Manufacturing Company of Mudville, Mississippi. Let me tell you something about our organization before we begin the general questioning with Miss Kilgallen.

Jack: Please do! (on his knees, facing Mississippi)

Third: First of all let me say that we are trying to get away from the impression of bigness that our competitors have created. We have 77 mills from Maine to California; 39 research laboratories from California to Maine. We own 76% of the stock of U. S. Steel, and 82% of General Motors. The management of our company has been under the guiding hands of the Mudville family for 200 years. Old Thaddeus Mudville, in fact, retires next year after 186 years at the helm. So you can see we're a tightly knit group, one happy family, small, yet proud that we're happy. Heh, heh! (This time he laughs so hard that he falls off his chair)

Jack: (Still facing 'Ole Miss', while on his knees) Knodding continuously) Yes, Yes. Yes Yes, Yes I see, Yes, you're right, uh-huh, yes, uh-huh.

Stevens: I can see by your comments that you're interested.

Jack: Uh, huh, yes, uh, huh, yes, yes, I am. Take me! (Rising to a great dramatic moment—and also off from the floor)

Stevens: (Also known as "Third" to anyone who started this episode from the beginning) Now Jack, Let me tell you what we at Mudville are looking for. We want a man for research, of a basic nature. We want a man to do research with our newest fiber, the one with invisible itself. Have you seen it?

Jack: (Becoming very emotional, tears welling) Yes, yes, yes.

Third: (There we go changing his name again, using the familiar term — to try to confuse you) Well its called "Snew"

Jack: Whats Snew? (From the old vaudeville routine of the same name)

Stevens: Nothing, whats new with you? (Ed. Note: Get it?) (Stevens guffaws loudly, drops his upper plate)

Jack: (Joining in the laughter—only louder, since he needs this job—once again falls off chair, this time lands facing Mecca). That's quite a joke!

Stevens: (Noticing that Jack is facing Mecca) Jack, we feel that a fellow with your education and technical training here at—(Pauses, runs outside, glances at facade—returns) Technological Institute of Technolog'cal Textiles, Papers, Leathers, Electronics, and Whathaveyou, School of Massachusetts, Chief of the Cochituate Tribe, is ideally suittd for our purpose. Jack, what are you interested in?

Jack: Well, sir, golly, gee, I want to go into research of a basic nature—to work on Snew.

Stevens: Whats new? (And then we go on to the old routine which I'm sure we're both tired of now, and besides Abbott and Cost llo own the rights to the —thing.)

Jack: Nothing, what new with you? (Laughs so hard that it spins around so that he is now facing Mudville once again. Stevens is pleased)

Stevens: Well, what a coincidence. I suppose you feel that your training here at (It is too much effort for him to run out again and to pronounce the full name so he just ad libs) Harvard qualifies you.

Jack: Yes, (amazed) how did you know?

Stevens: Oh, I took Physics 202 here, it taught me to reason and to be conscious of philosphy and psychology.

Jack: oh

Stevens: Yes

Jack: No, I said oh, not no

Stevens: yes (At this point we are rapidly approaching another Abbott and Costello routine and its best that we leave it for those masterminds, or their successors, McCarthy and the Junior Senator from Wisconsin)

Jack: Well, that's the way I feel, what are you going to do about it?

Stevens: Jack, I like you. You should be hearing from us in two to four weeks. Don't call us, we'll call you. For free home delivery call (in New Jersey) Bigelow—1—1111. Nice talking with you.

Jack: (Breaking down once again). I know its better to starve than to beg, Mister, but I have a sick mother, and two wives, and I need a job. (on his knees, facing both Mecca and Mudville)

Stevens: Jack, I want to thank you for considering our company, the Mudville Manufacturing Company of Mudville, Mississippi, for your career. (reciting from teleprompter, that is hung from the three inch steam line, which graces Booth B).

—CURTAIN FALLS —

NEW AUDITORIUM PROMISES TO BE THE EPITOME IN STYLE, DESIGN

(Continued from Page One)

In its place a gallery was proposed to seat the peons, but since a recent outburst from the gallery in Washington in tone with its general policy of obscurity the administration, felt that it would not be safe to allow the student body to have such an all over view of the faculty. This would be the case if the student were permited to view the faculty from a higher plane.

Further delays were caused by the contractor misunderstanding the plans and specifications laid down by the Governor's brother. The builder was under the impression that the electrical outlets were to have wires leading to them, and that the plumbing was not to be stored in the basement; but was to be installed in such a manner that water flowed from them when a knob was rotated in a counter clockwise direction. Actually, the wall outlets were to be dummy outlets to impress the state inspectors who are well qualified to judge not only dummy outlets, but numerous other matters some of which pertain to faulty plumbing as attested to by their recent inspection of some other new acquisitions of the Massachusetts Board of Education.

It was also felt that the new L. T. I. outhouse (proposed) would eliminate the need of plumbing. This privvy (proposed(promises to be "out of this world." The administration conceeded that such an arrangement would be slightly inconvenient on cold days, but nevertheless the new outhouse (proposed) promises to be in tone with L. T. I.'s great educational tradition.

COOP COPS TOP DEPARTMENT STORES

(Continued from Page Five)

ation at a small profit, we suddenly, due to the increased cost of living, raised prices. And as a result of our large volume, and low overhead policy, profits soared. In fact they skyrocketed so, that we had to watch out.

But I am sure that there will be no change in the operation of our store now. Naturally, greater diversification shall bring price reductions, quality items, and greater variety. In closing I would like to thank the students of Tech. Their careful purchases and many bargains at the bookstore reflect both the good will of the management and the consumer. We are striving to make our organization even more beneficial to the students than in the past.

INTERNATIONAL CRISIS NARROWLY AVOIDEO AS ROTC INVADES DRACUT

(Continued from Page One)

cut city council. They then gathered the townspeople, most of whom were in the Tavern, and set up a blockade of beer barrels across the road.

At 11:10, Cadet Lt. Jet Hoho, second in command of the first flight, and assistant grand oracle of shoeshines, noticed what appeared to be a group of men bearing pitchforks and beer bottles at about 1200. As the ROTC unit neared the barricade Lt. Jet Hoho heard cries such as, "Down with the Blue Dogs," and "Death to the Gung Ho Phonies." At this instant Lt. Hoho began to thumb thru his manual for the command fitting the occasion. Luckily he hit upon a good command. He yelled, "Grouououououoaup . . . rhiiliiiiliit . . . Flank . . . Harch", and with this the entire ROTC unit took a right turn and marched into the Dracut swamps.

It was very fortunate that Lt. Hoho showed as much heroism as he did because a bloody, bitter, boisterous battle was avoided. When the UN heard of the near war, they notified Lowell that further such action on the part of the ROTC would be considered to be major aggression and necessary measures would be taken. either the ROTC nor the administration had statements for the press.

Hey you fellows, education is not meant for fooling around in the back. It should please come forward for the solution of its problems to the front of the room.—GEL E. JAWS

REGISTRATION

REGISTRATION — SEPTEMBER 21 1954

7:00 A. M.—Seniors and graduates report to F-301
8:59 A. M.—Juniors report to S-312
9:52 A. M.—Sophomores report to S-411
10:58 A. M.—Freshmen and janitors report to K-111

Registration Procedure

At specified times all students, etc. report to assigned rooms. Thereupon receive and check out 14 folders of schedule cards, schedule receipts, earplugs, no-doze tablets, pencils, tags, fribs, social security cards, withholding statements, short form 1044a, and 4 sets of photostatic copies of college eutrance board results (freshmen and Janitors only,) and complete sets of the coming semester's lab reports.

Upon completion of 36 schedule cards, destroy 34 cards, each signed by the head of department, assistant head of department, and two streetwalkers. After destroying the aforementioned schedule cards, file one card with the bursar including three sets of toe and finger prints, file one card with the head of each department, one with the registrar's office, one with the Dean of Students office, one with the dormitory proctor and one with the engineer oo duty at the power house.

All seniors, juniors, sophomores, freshmen and janitors report between 11.43 A. M. and 11:46 A. M. to the bursar's office to pay early registration fee, tuition, room, and protection money. If you are late, get in line forming in front of Wetwick Hall and proceed to Cumquat Hall, side entrance, whereupon armed guards will take you to assistant bursar's office to pay the late registration fee of $69.69.

Reminder: The first shift of the new term begins 8:00 A. M., September 24, 1954.

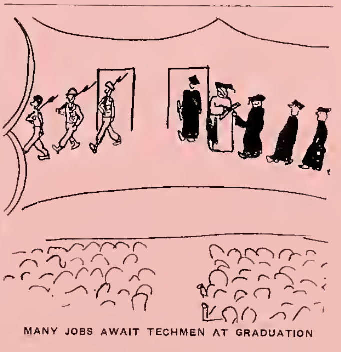
Sandman's Guppies . . .

REFLECTIONS ON LOWLIFE IN LOWELL LOWELLIANS IN LOWELLIANA:

The noise of college songs and ditties sifts thru the Lowell Smog . . . drifting from frat house to frat house . . . John Hoodwink wending his way down Moody Street every day, clutching a cotton bowl to his breast . . . one of our favorite books, a memory of yesteryear —the C & K W-3 Manual, by Louisa Alcott. . . wasn't prof. Humpher terrific on the Johns Hopkins Science Review on Channel 7 last night . . . Congratulations to Prof. Dunglock . . . hats off to him for his "Bible of the Textile Industry" being translated into 14 new languages . . . Isn't "Stand Loyal Suns of LTI" one of your very favorite alltime songs . . . the elderly student in the sunlight, resting in the lounge . . . he remembers his freshman days, six years ago . . the first day off the train from Siltville, Alabama . . . friendly Lowell roared its mighty greeting . . . huddled freshmen being told that one in three would be no more . . . one in three would flunk out and one in three would die of boredom . . . Textile was our destiny as it is the destiny of all of us, of all the greats of civilization . . . this institution of learning . . . the cradle of western culture . . . at the confluence of the Merrimac and Concord rivers . . . At Daigles and Rays . . . this educational empire of textiles formed from the sweat and toil familiar in Lowell places . . . . it is a school with a great heart. . . one that beats . . . as it looks into the gray skies which embrace the azure cliffs of Pawtucketville . . ah! the voices of students screaming to get out at the next vacation . . . contentment reigns supreme . . . Tech has known greatness . . . the shadows lengthen . . . summer is here . . . it soon leaves . . . and spring rushes in to take its place . . . to see its snows melting as winters mask stares down and cries out . . .. oh, mightyT ech . . . wherefore thou goest . . . what hath God wrought . . . to be or yesteryear . . . should auld lang syne be told of your many secrets and heartbreaks . . . bitterness, sweetness . . . these things I offer you for a lifetime . . . oh Lowell, I've got you under my skin . . . scenes of tow trucks towing students away to Jack's . . . he's crazy! . . . why this elation, this strange fascination, I am in love . . . in love with what . . . with my dye pot . . . my reed hook . . . Tech is not just a school . . . a citadel of learning . . . rather it is a melting pot . . . a school that neversleeps . . . oh huddled masses . . . why can't you begin the beguine.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler

Must be another one of those late themes, James dear....



MANY JOBS AWAIT TECHMEN AT GRADUATION